



## Second star to the right



159 9 20

### Chapter 1 by Auntie Em

"The moment you doubt whether you can fly, you cease for ever to be able to do it."

They say not to believe in bedtime stories, that we should keep our feet planted firmly on the ground. But I know better.

Because it feels so much better to fly.

It was a boy that taught me to fly. He was the most extraordinary boy you could ever meet. That is why I am telling his story, because someone so extraordinary deserves his story to be told.

It all started on a chilly fall night when I was 12. The crescent moon cast shadows on the streets, and the sky was so clear you could see every star.

I was sitting in my bed, staring at the sky full of stars. There was one star that was exceptionally bright, just to the right of a smaller star. As I stared, I drifted off into a hazy sleep.

In that half sleep I heard the wind blow a tree against the roof. It was eerie how much it sounded like the footsteps of someone not wanting to be heard. I was lulled into a deep sleep, in which I

heard a beautiful music, like the tinkling of tin bells.

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A breeze blew across my face. I opened the window must be. When I opened my eyes I

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I saw a boy.

He was crying on my bedroom floor.

I was about to scream, but the boy just kept on sobbing quietly to himself.

Not knowing what to do I said, "Boy, why are you crying?"

The strange boy started and stood up, wiping his eyes. They were red and puffy from the tears, but that didn't make them any less startling. They were a bright blue, brighter than I had ever seen before. The sparkled like the stars I was gazing at before. He wore only a tattered pair of green pants and a leather satchel, along with a small dagger at his waist. His most eye catching feature however, was his bright red hair which obviously had been hastily cut with a knife.

He pulled himself together, puffed his chest and said "I wasn't crying."

I was enthralled. "What is your name?" I inquired.

"Peter. Peter Pan."

## Chapter 2 by Abigail Holland



"Well hello Peter" I say.

"Now, do tell me why you were crying"

Peter looks down, ashamed of crying as if it was a felony.

"Well, you see. I lost my shadow. Have you seen it"

I stare at him confused. Did I mishear him?

"Excuse me?"

"My shadow. I lost it. It runs away from me often"

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this must be a practical joke. I'm not amused. Why is this boy in my house? I loon around as if to find an answer and one co

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A gray figure is plastered on the wall, in a sitting position. It's Peter's shadow. I stare at it for a second. I think I see it move but I blink a few times and it's still again. Just a trick my eyes played on me.

"ITS THERE!" Barks Peter.

"ITS THERE! CATCH IT BEFORE IT GETS AWAY!"

Peter stands up

"I think you should go-" I start to say. But, I quickly lose my words for the standing boy has a sitting shadow.

"What. How is thi-"

"Just help me catch it!"

I stand still, quite frightened at what is occurring.

"What's your name?" Peter asks me.

"Uh-um. I-I'm Wendy. Wendy Darling.

"Well, Wendy Darling. Will you be so kind as to give me a hand?" He smiles with this grin that is indescribable.

Crooked, yet perfect.

### Chapter 3 by Amelia Rose



That was when it started. You might think you've heard this story before. Have you heard of a boy that can't grow up and a girl that doesn't want to? Maybe so, but have you heard the rest of it? Have you heard of how they fell in love, and how the boy showed the girl his world and she wanted to show him hers? Have you heard of the crocodiles and fairies, the flying pirates ships and the mermaids?

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I helped fix Peter Pan back to his shadow, and with a wicked grin, he gripped my hand and flung us both out the window. I was too scared to scream. I saw my life flash before my eyes and then realized that I was flying.

That was the first time I flew, and quite definitely not the last. Peter Pan liked to fly.

That first night, I did not scream. I laughed. I looked back at my siblings asleep in our little childish room and almost wanted to go back, but I did not. Peter didn't let me. Instead, we flew away, across London. I looked down at the Thames and the building everywhere. We flew around the Big Ben tower and Peter Pan grinned at me. His grin was beautiful.

I didn't have the chance to comprehend what was happening around me. My mind just accepted that magic was the reality now. Then Peter started flying up, and pulling me with him. I expected him to drop again but he didn't. My head started feeling light and although I fought not to, I slipped into black unconsciousness. The only thing I was aware of was Peter Pan's strong grip on my arm. He didn't let me go.

#### Chapter 4 by The Harlequeen



He took me to Neverland, of course. I met the lost boys and had a rather grand time. After a while the lost boys all disappeared, one after another.

One evening as we sat together by the mermaid lagoon he took my hand and told me that he cared for me. Really cared. And I told him I felt the same way. And we kissed as the sirens sang and the stars paid homage to our love. Tinkerbelle flew off somewhere, glowing green with envy, and it hardly mattered. All we needed was us. He told me we would be forever. And I believed him. Silly, silly me, how wrong I was.

#### Chapter 5 by Amelia Rose



My problem was that I didn't realize that even in Neverland, things did not last forever.

At first, it was all sweet. Peter and I were in the land of love, riddled with soft kisses and empty

promises of forever.

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One night, though, that all changed. Peter Pan appeared, flying away and leaving me to sleep alone. I never saw him again. Any other night, he disappeared. I watched him fly away, like he was always supposed to, into the black sky like he

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always did. So, I returned to my bed and, although I didn't know it at the time, went to sleep there for the last time.

When I woke, something was different. There was a heavy feeling in my chest, and Neverland, which had always been so bright and colourful, now seemed dull and grey.

Slowly, I pulled myself out of bed and headed out of our underground home to see what was going on.

### Chapter 6 by SaintSayaka



The bedroom faced me, as if a rug had been yanked out from under the landscape and fell the walls of Neverland like a movie set. I startled, not knowing quite when the dirt floors I had come to know had turned into carpet and bunkbeds. The more I blinked, the quicker the room took form - suddenly toys, and linens, and closets began to materialize. I cried collapsed under my own weight, unable to stand up for any longer. My world was literally disappearing before me.

*This is a trick, I thought to myself. The fairies are playing a trick, and when it's over, they're going to laugh at me, and call me stupid. This is all just a stupid trick.*

That's when my mother opened the door, and the fantasy was over.

### Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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